Othello that wert ye once for goods
in the practice of a damnd, Slave
hondle bee faide to thee

ny thing an honorable murtherer if
ill. for nought did I in hate but all
our

rech hath parte confect his villany did
and her congente in Cassio's death

Generale I did never give you cause
believe it and I aske you pardon
n I pray demande that I my I my
why hee hath thus fetterd my fouler an

d moe nothing what you know you know
his time forward I never will speake
not to way
ts wile ope your lipps
thon doste beste.

ou shalt understande what hat hebefal
w lies as I think you know not heers
ow ffounde in the pocket of ye slaine
go and heere another, the one of thos
ts the death of Cassio to bee bu
ll Rodrigo;

Othel O Villaine
Cassio Moste houthish and most gro
Lod Now heers another discontented
in his pocket to and this it
mente to have Sonte this
but that belike Iago in the
came in and satisfied him.
Othel Othe pourtrous Caitiffe How
Cassio by a Handkerchife th
Cass I founde it my Chamber and
confect it be but duon now t
dropt it for a Sporiale purpo
to his desire.
Othel O foole fooll, fooll.
Cassio Thew is begiddes in Rodrigoes b
upbraides Iago that hee mad
upon the water whereon it rem
rest and duon but now hee
long sooming dead Iago: Hurt
Lod You must forsake this roome and go
your power and commande is taken
ended in Cipruss: for this slave
if thew bee any Cunning Cruelt
tormort him mute and bind him